

No, Surrender

Justin Currie

Big Macs for the fat, low-cal wraps for the call center battery hens
Japanese snacks for the choice-spoilt citizens
Caviar kickbacks for the citadel denizens

Airport shoe-shines servicing the suits,
Among the little silver stereos and hand-rolled cheroots
First class passengers file on last, after the scum are packed in with their tax-free loot.

Checkout calamity, you're cheated out of loyalty points
Ten more years at this joint you'd be home and dry
Beggars beat round the cash machine but you just slip between them with the usual lie

And terrible tales of kidnapped kids keep you focused on the family and filling up the fridge
Neighborhood watchers shop dole dodgers, stick their semis on the market and start racking up the bids

Should you stand and fight?
Should you die for what you think is right?
So your useless contribution will be remembered
If you're asking me I say ?no, surrender?
?No, surrender?

Constant growth, the cancerous cure,
A swarming race of profiteers ensure, cheap cars for the rich,
Cheap lives for the poor, cheap weeks in the sun, free drinks at the door

Puerile propaganda plugs up the TV
Keep folk following the money so they'll never be free
Keep them swallowing the swill, the celebrities, the pedophiles, the immigrants invading from the camp over
the hill

War talk, the big debate, foot soldiers in the capital liberating new kinds of hate
Cum-shots of human dots caught in the spotlight's glare, he dies who dares

Fatuous fast-trackers sneering at the shelf-stackers, little Middle-Englanders can't stand the backpackers,
Fortress Freedom, come on in, take your chances, you might win

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?No, surrender?

Sunset beaches security patrolled,
Keep out the undesirables who don't accept the code,
Equal opportunity to live in total poverty,
Execute the ignorant, incarcerate the slow

Car caressing managers choking up the avenues,
Brain dead patriots standing in salute
Paperwork raining again and again so that billionaires can claim there's an enemy to shoot

Pill pushers, door steppers, personal goal shoppers, lifestyle trendsetters, meditating mindbenders,
Hare-brained share sellers pumping out stocks till you're choking on a chain-letter avalanche of dross

God squads crawling through every country tracking down fools who are bullshit hungry
Blinded by divinity, followers fall into the man-traps set along the Wailing Wall

Athletes compete in grand charades while tanks flatten streets and a nation laughs
Visa holders gape at the changing guards, while creeps bribe bums to take their photographs

Film fans flock to the latest schlock, blockbusters block out even the vaguest thought
Bankrupt schools grind out fool after fool then feed them to a system where idiots rule

Polling booths, phone votes, bogus questionnaires
You get a say as if anybody cares
Joe Public doesn't want to play so liquidate his life as he looks the other way

Don't get sick, don't get wise or they'll gut you with a justice where everything is lies
March down Main Street, complain if you want but it's twenty years straight for the losers at the front

If you're asking me I say ?no, surrender? x2

?Surrender?

?Just surrender? x2

?Surrender?

?Just surrender? x2

?Surrender? x3

Lyrics submitted by Bethany.

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